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Judge

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UNCLE SAM'S BIG TREES AND SMALL "PLANTS."

Certain trees have an ominous faculty of absorbing to themselves all the strength and moisture of the soil from which they spring. They grow to monstrous size in an amazingly short time, making amongst themselves a vast and gloomy forest, in which all the smaller plants and shrubs wither and die, being able to derive no nutriment from the soil beneath, nor sunshine from the heavens above.

Judge

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THERE'S VENEZUELA to pay, and a whole lake of pitch hot!

* * *

AGUINALDO'S UNCLE has been appointed governor of Bulacan Province, in the Philippines. His aunties continue to reside in Boston, Mass.

* * *

THE PARTNERS in a Staten Island fishery concern have yielded to the demands of their fishermen, who struck for more pay just as the shad season was setting in. These capitalists are afraid of their own shadders.

* * *

A HARVARD undergraduate sat amidst smoke, flames and hose-deluge and played "Fair Harvard" on his piano while Trinity Hall, the college dormitory building, was burning. He was justly regarded as a hero, not a Nero.

* * *

SADA YACCO, the wonderful little tragedienne from Tokio, has conquered Paris with Japan-ease. No less eminent a dramatic critic than Jules Clarétie, the director of the Comédie Française, has epigrammatically declared: "Duse is the actress of Italy; Sarah Bernhardt is the actress of France; but Sada Yacco is the actress of the world."

* * *

A NEW YORKER is suing for divorce because his wife called him "an old bull," "a dog," "a liar," "an unprincipled scoundrel," "a beggar," "a lickspittle cur," "a lying scamp," "a sneak," "a monster," "a gutter-snipe," "a miserable puppy," "a snake," "a rascal," "a jackass," "a pest," "a viper," "an idiot," "a tramp," "a devil," and "a smooth-faced hypocrite." He says these epithets as applied to himself are cruel and libelous, though he acknowledges that he is a publisher.

* * *

"A CABLE RATE of fifty-five cents a word from China, and of far more from the Philippines," remarks Whitelaw Reid in his Yale lecture on the newspaper of to-day, "does not check the full daily report." Bless you, no! Quite the contrary. The newspaper space-rate is only six dollars a column, and the desk-men who write those full daily cable reports in the back office can give imagination its fling without much fear of being contradicted by the real facts at fifty-five cents and far more a word.

NOT HER FAULT.

WIDOW JONES—"I would willingly marry you, Mr. Mushley; but my *first* dear husband only died a year ago, and"——

MR. MUSHLEY—"I know, dear madam; but—er—that wasn't *your* fault, you know."

HENRY WATTERSON ON THE FLAG.

PATRIOTIC, loyal and true, ringing with the chivalrous spirit and expression so characteristic of its distinguished author, Colonel Watterson's editorial leader in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* on the text of the anti-imperialistic cartoon contributed by the Hon. William Jennings Bryan to JUDGE is a notable and significant utterance. It also reads a lesson to Mr. Bryan which we hope he will take to heart. Having set forth a superbly imaginative word-picture of American empire, Colonel Watterson admits that somehow we don't fear the monster, so long as we have "the spirit of Democracy, the genius of Republicanism," to keep the nation straight. "And so, dear Mr. Bryan," he adds, "let us pluck up heart, a lick or two. This sort of thing does not suit us; not a particle; we agree on that. . . . . Yet, let us be wary still. . . . . In one sense, Imperialism is here to stay. This Uncle Sam of ours, this Brother Jonathan, grown to his full stature, has had a taste of blood. He has felt the touch of his manhood. There is no stopping him until he has sown his wild oats and seen the error of his ways. It is very wrong; but he is going to have his fling, and, when it is ended—if haply it should be ended whilst he retains the health and strength of historic youth, his moral nature yet intact, nor his sense of right and wrong wholly debauched and blunted—these outlying territories will still be ours; for good or ill, ours; for weal or woe, ours; the flag above them never to come down. Let us make no mistake in this, Mr. Bryan. . . . . Stand by the truths of the Declaration of Independence. Stand by the mandates and the limitations of the Constitution. But stand also by the flag. Don't let them write us down against the flag. Don't let us seem to be opposed to the flag. The Declaration, yes. The Constitution, yes! But, ever and ever, and late and early, and right or wrong, the flag, the flag, the flag!"

You are all right, Colonel Watterson! and JUDGE herewith extends to you the same invitation that Mr. Bryan accepted—namely, that you shall say your say, as he said his, in a cartoon, which JUDGE will undertake to execute faithfully according to your specifications, and to publish. Will you do it?

ISAAC M. GREGORY, for nearly twenty years past editor of JUDGE, died March 5th, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The humor, gayety, chivalry and kindliness which pervaded his work, all the world knows; but only his immediate associates are aware how truly those outward traits reflected the great heart, the innate nobleness of character, of the man himself in his daily walks of life. He was a gentle, genial, generous spirit, who made no enemies and never lost a friend. Mr. Gregory was perhaps the last notable exemplar—in New York, at least—of the school of journalistic facetiousness and fun which flourished a generation ago, when Petroleum V. Nasby was a political oracle, and "the Danbury *News* man" made jokes for the millions, and the Burlington *Hawkeye* became a household word through the paragraphic scintillations of "Bob" Burdette. But, like these and a few others of his contemporaries, his individuality was superior to passing fads of mode and style; and he put into his skits on "current topics" a deal of sound sense and quaint philosophy which in effect will long outlive its ephemeral form. Born in Johnstown, N. Y., Mr. Gregory was during the greater part of his life identified with newspapers of more or less prominence in the middle and western sections of this State, including the Fulton County *Democrat*, Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, Buffalo *Express*, and Troy *Whig* (now Troy *Record*). In the early eighties he settled in New York City, where for a time he edited the illustrated *Daily Graphic*, previous to taking the position on JUDGE which he occupied until the day of his death. The pessimistic saying to the effect that there is no man but can be replaced when he dies, falls far short of justification as regards Isaac M. Gregory.

W. J. A.

THE PROPER ANSWER.

CHIMMIE —" W'ot's der difference between true love and a bicycle?"

ANGELINE —" None w'otever — every one t'inks dey've got de only proper brand, it's dead easy stole, gives most folks heart-failure, de original cost is only a trifle compared wid"——

CHIMMIE —" Oh, shut up, and I'll tell yer de difference — de more rocks dere is de easier true love runs!"

SIDE TALKS ON SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

BLANCHE JEFFERSON and Rosa May Blackstone (both ladies of color) were walking down the avenue when a gentleman bowed to one of them. " Why, Rosa May," remonstrated the other, " I'm s'prised at you, bowing to someone you don't know." " Not at all," returned her companion. " When a gentleman salutes me, I always return the solution."

GREAT GAIN.

"AND the burglars really took all your silver?" said Mrs. Fosdick.

" Yes," replied Mrs. Collingwood. " We lost our silver, but we feel amply repaid, for all the papers printed the fact that we keep a butler."

APPARENTLY.

Jaggles—" The critics don't seem to know exactly what the long-heralded great American novel should be."

Waggles — " Neither do the novelists."

NATURAL CAUSES.

Juryman —" Yes, we brought in a verdict of death from natural causes."

Reporter — " But an iron beam fell on him from the fourth floor?"

Juryman — " Of course. Wasn't that natural? You wouldn't expect it to fall up to the eighth floor, would you? That's where he ought to have been at work instead of down in the basement."

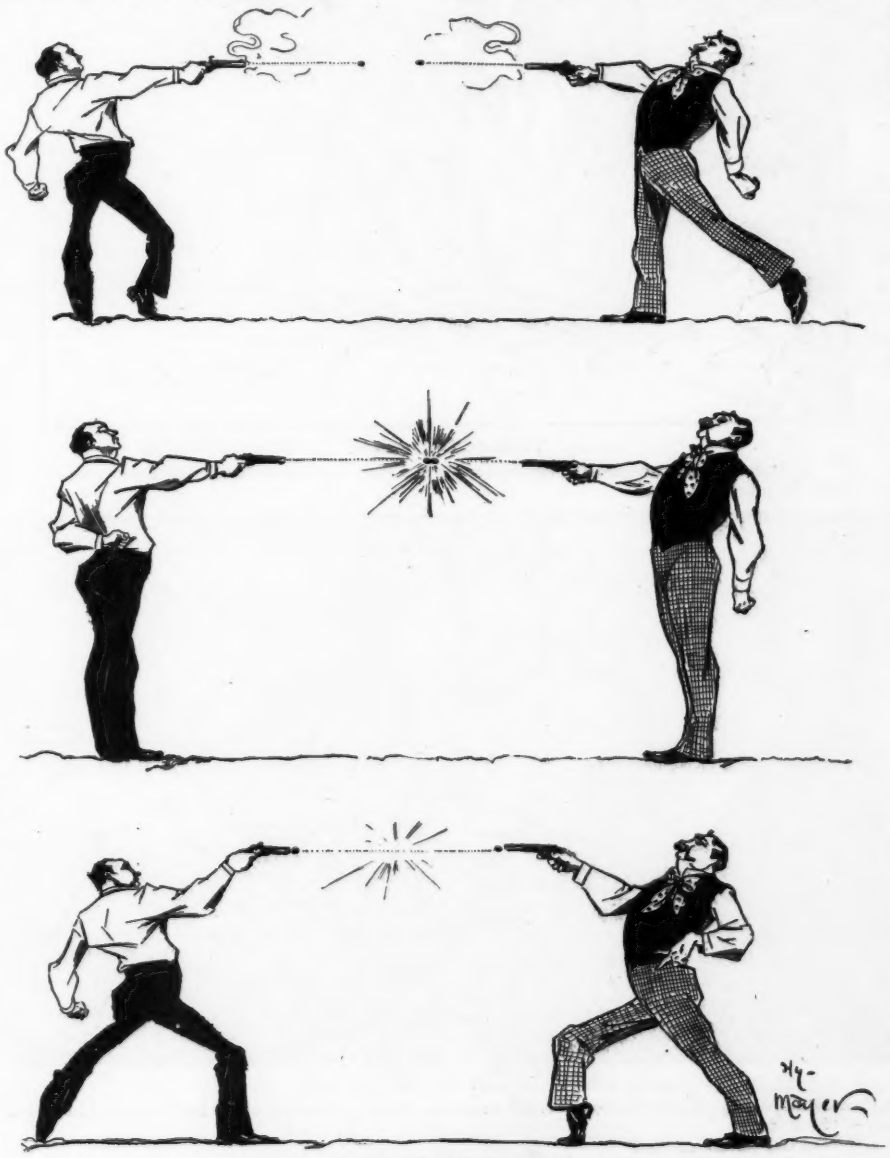
Dangle—" Thompson is living on one meal a day."

Zopper—" He is trying to fit the suit that his wife got him at a bargain sale."

HAVEN'T FALLEN INTO OUR WAYS YET.

"I UNDERSTAND," remarked Burroughs, of New York, " that you Boston people are opposed to expansion. Do you think it a wrong to the people annexed, or don't you regard them as desirable subjects?"

" Your last clause explains it," replied Mr. Unabridged Bean, of Boston. " I have it from good authority that not one Filippino in a thousand can write a good, readable essay on any but the most concrete subject."



THE CRACK SHOTS.

" B-E-E-N."

A LAD once lived in Quakertown
(Whence come the honest men!)
And, owing to the Franklin cult,
He always said it " ben."

He, later, to Chicago went
Because he needed tin,
And, getting into wheat at once,
Soon fell to saying "bin."

From thence to Boston he removed
To spend his good long-green.
There, living with the Beaconites,
He learned to call it " bean."

SAM R. IRELAND.

EXACTLY.

Madge — " Wasn't it just lovely how that Frenchman pronounced the word 'bouillon'?"

Marjorie—" Yes. It sounded as if he had his mouth full of it."

Hicks —" See that woman there? She is a clairvoyant; travels all over the country giving seances."

Ricks —" A circulating medium, I suppose."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MARY KEALTY.

Not all our "Favorites" can appear,
For they are numerous as dear—
In fact, for every one that we
Publish, we leave out thirty-three.
But 'tis your turn for praise to-day:
"When Woman Loves," all comes her way.

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

A PERFUMED man is as shocking as a woman in a wig.

The things he does not possess hold an infinite charm for a man.

A spare man is always called lank by the women who dislike him.

The wife of a dishonest man is one of life's unacknowledged heroines.

It is possible for a man to divorce a Josephine and not become a Napoleon.

It is a thankless lot to love a man who is inseparably united with his business.

There is greater obstinacy among weak men than there is among the strong.

VADA AGNEW.

THE ALCHEMY OF SPRING.

O'ER where the cow-slip lies inurned
The milk-weed shooteth up,
And when the winds of March have churned,
Behold — the butter-cup!

EDWIN L. SABIN.

EXHAUSTED THE SURPLUS.

Mrs. Crabshaw — "When did you decide you wouldn't have a new suit this spring?'

Crabshaw — "When I saw the bill for your bonnet."

USUAL REPLY.

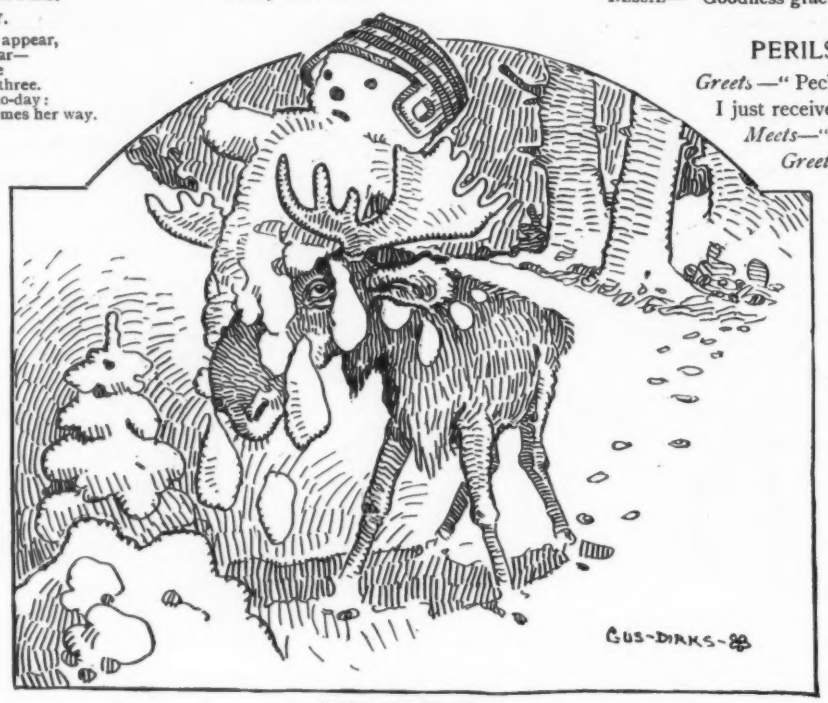
THE new clerk in the bookstore had formerly officiated in a pharmacy, and therefore it came natural to him to reply, when a customer asked him for Bancroft's History:

"Sorry, but we are just out of it now. However, we have some of our own make that is really much better."

ROBBING HIMSELF.

REGGY—"Bessie, it was awfully rude of your papa to kick me out last night. I'm just going to give him a piece of my mind."

BESSIE—"Goodness gracious, don't! You can't spare it."



THE SNOW MAN.

MOOSE — "My goodness! I must have hit that poor man pretty hard. He hasn't moved once since I struck him."

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

Greets —"Peckhenhammer has arrived safe. I just received a cablegram from him."

Meets—"Did he have a rough voyage?"

Greets —"No; his wife didn't go."

HIS REPLY.

Askington — "I believe you have a new girl-baby at your house, Pillsbury?"

Druggist (absent-minded, from force of habit)—"Well, no; not exactly—but I have something just as good."

BRIGHT PROSPECT.

The new parrot—"What kind of a person is our antique owner, anyway?"

The other parrot—"Oh, she's one of those real nice, charitable, humane ladies who'll feed you on bread-and-water for a week every time you swear."

NOT A LOVER OF BREAD.

FIRST HOBO (*looking at passing freight train*)—"Great heavens! Did yer leave dat hull loaf uv bread in de car?"
SECOND HOBO—"Sure!"
FIRST HOBO—"W'ot did yer do dat fer?"
SECOND HOBO—"I promised de t'rifty lady I got it frum dat I'd husband it carefully an' make it go as far as possible."

A BAD BREAK.

PARSON JOHNSON—"I will open de ——
DEACON JACKSON (*drowsily*)—"I ll stay! Gimme fo' kards!"
PARSON JOHNSON—"——De meetin' wif prayer fo' de salvation ob Brudder Jackson."

UP NEAR THE POLE.

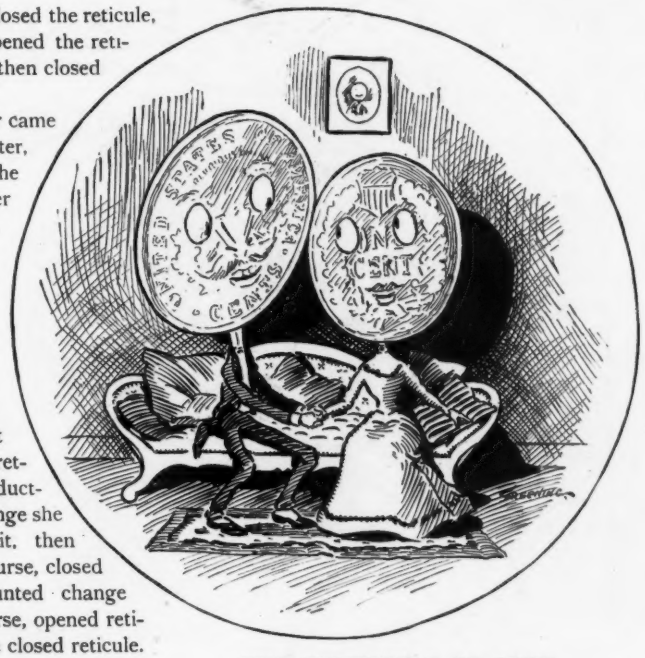
DOG—'Gee! he must be awful mad. See how he shows his teeth."

fectly proper bottle of smelling-salts, closed the reticule, applied the vial to her nostrils, opened the reticule, put back the bottle, and then closed the reticule.

When the conductor came around, a moment later, she again opened the reticule, extracted her purse therefrom shut the reticule, opened the purse, took out a quarter, handed it to the conductor, closed purse, opened reticule, put in purse, and closed reticule. When the conductor handed her the change she carefully counted it, then opened reticule, took out purse, closed reticule, opened purse, counted change again, put it in purse, closed purse, opened reticule, put in purse, and once more closed reticule.

The odoriferous-looking man watched her scornfully, opened his mouth, nearly said something, thought better of it, closed mouth, and within himself made certain uncomplimentary references to the palpable dumbfoolishness of womankind in general. Then, suddenly discovering that he had been carried past his destination, he hopped up, jumped off from the car backwards, tumbled down, splitting his coat for some considerable distance up the back, and limped off uttering unseemly language. Thereupon the prim, precise and immaculate maiden audibly remarked upon the awful paucity of common horse-sense displayed by the average man.

TOM P. MORGAN.



THE HYPERBOLE OF LOVE.

MISS CENT—"But I thought you loved that bright Miss Dime?

NED NICKEL—'My darling, you are worth ten of her."

TOO MUCH!

"YOU'LL get run in," said the cyclist to
A man who hadn't a light.
"And you too; you'll get run into '—
And the wreck was an awful sight.
And a policeman, having nothing to do,
Joined the scrimmage at once and ran in two

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

THE WAY OF IT.

SHE was a maiden of sundry years, prim, precise and immaculate; he was a tub-shaped odoriferous-looking man, red-nosed and snarly. She halted the street-car with an imperious wave of her reticule, and after seating herself and gazing for a moment in evident disapproval at the odoriferous-looking man, opened her reticule, took out a per-

HE WANTED A WHISKY "SLING."

THE SURGEON—"Miss Jinkins, you may bring a sling. This man's arm is pretty badly fractured."
THE PATIENT—"An', miss, av ye plaze, put more phiskey than wather in it."

COFFEE and political principles should have good grounds.

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JUST GOT A GOOD THING.

REGINALD SHORTCASH—"Couldn't you learn to love me?"
MURIEL STOXSON—"I'm afraid not. Pa 's just cornered wheat."

RAT—"'Sh-sh, Willie! Here comes the cat. Be quiet, or she'll hear you."

A "LOST AD."

Patron—"Can I get a 'lost ad.' in the paper?"

New clerk—"Sir?"

Patron—"I said, can I get a 'lost ad.' in the paper?"

Clerk (hesitating)—"I suppose so, if you've got it."

Patron—"Of course I've got it. What would I be asking for if I didn't have it?"

Clerk—"I thought you said it was a lost ad."

Patron—"I mean a lost advertisement, don't you know? One that you can find something with."

Clerk (puzzled)—"But you've got to find it first, haven't you?"

Patron—"That's what I'm putting the ad. in for."

Clerk—"So I understood you to say; but how can a lost ad. find anything that's lost when it is lost itself?"

Patron (after some thought)—"But the ad. isn't lost, you gump! It's a 'lost ad.'"

Clerk—"What's the difference?"

Patron—"Come off! Don't you see I've got the ad. here in my hand?"

Clerk (innocently)—"Then it isn't lost, is it, as you thought it was?"

Patron—"I didn't think it was."

Clerk—"You said it was, anyhow."

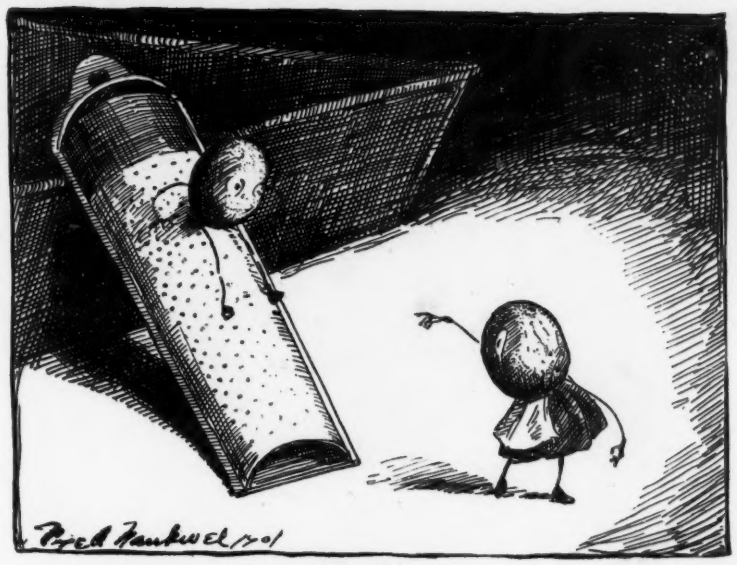
Patron—"I didn't say anything of the kind. I said I wanted to put a 'lost ad.' in the paper."

Clerk—"I know you did. But what I don't see is, if the ad. wasn't lost, how could you put a lost ad. in the paper? And if it was lost how could"——

Patron (getting red in the face and interrupting)—"Here, confound you! put this in the paper. It doesn't make any difference what it is. You put it in and charge it in my regular account."

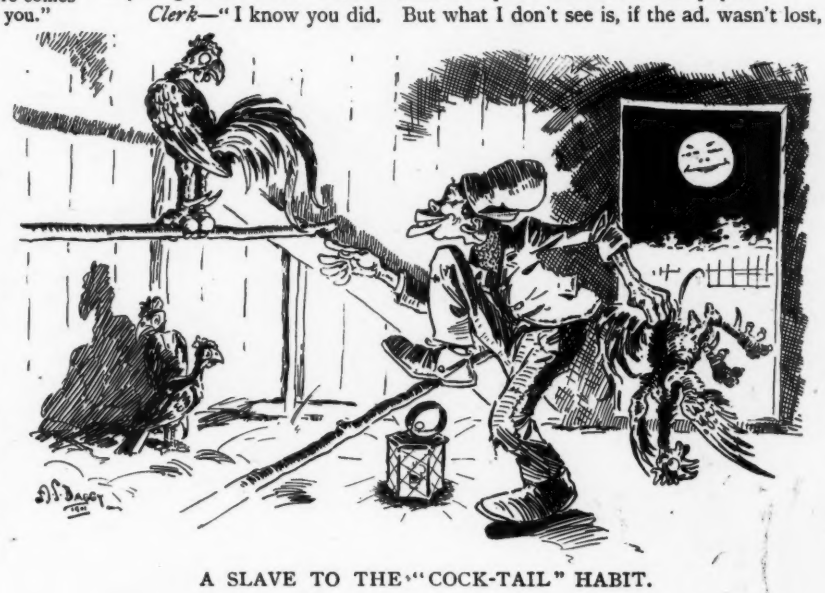
Clerk (resignedly)—"Yes, sir."

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.



WEARING.

MAMMA NUTMEG—"Willie, I want you to stop sliding down that grater; you will wear yourself all out."

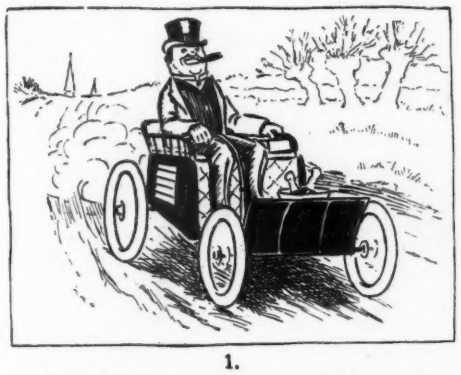


A SLAVE TO THE "COCK-TAIL" HABIT.

THE ONLY WAY.

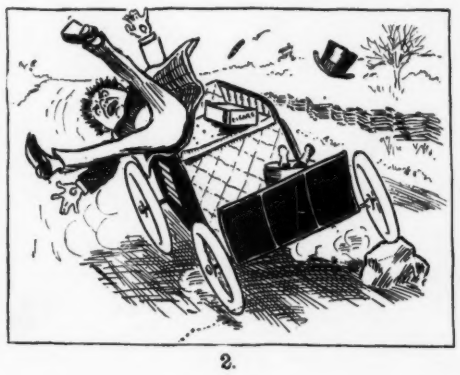
Pokall—"Say, the bootblack at the corner has gone to take the gold-cure."

Jokall—"That's all right. S'pose he's trying to get a shine inside."



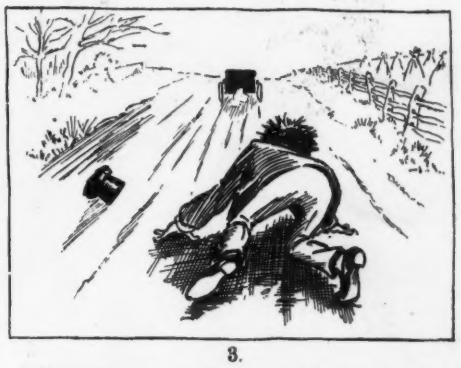
1.

MR. OUGHTOW—"Cigars, a couple of cold bottles, and a fine day. I tell you this is simply h——



2.

——ell!——



3.

——Whoa! you plum-dratted bunch of cussedness!"

4.

HANDOUT HARRY—"Naw, I don't believe in no pipe-dream about miracles. I——

5.

——A—a—a—a—a—!"

6.

OOZY OSCAR—"Say, Handout, jest pinch me ter see ef I ain't dreamin'."

SUCH IS LIFE.

WHITE
HOUSE

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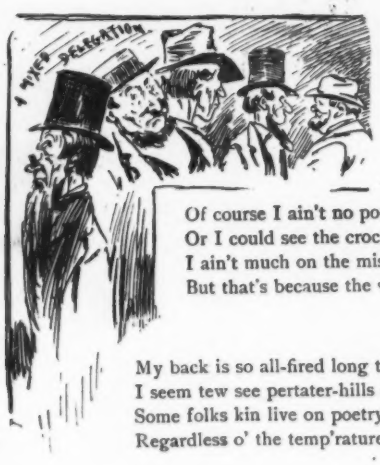
Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co. New York

IN McKINLEY'S BACK YARD

MAKING "GOO-GOO" EYES.



WHEN THE FARMERS COME TO TOWN.

I DON'T see what's the use of folks a-crackin' up the spring
An' writin' truck about the time the bluebirds try tew sing,
An' lettin' on they think it nice when all the fields are bare,
An' bugs an' flies an' odors are floatin' in the air.

Of course I ain't no poet, with the rapture in my soul,
Or I could see the crocus or the snow-flower on the knoll.
I ain't much on the misty hills when seen through purple haze,
But that's because the spring tew me is full o' workin' days.

My back is so all-fired long that when I view the soil
I seem tew see pertater-hills an' aggravatin' toil.
Some folks kin live on poetry an' give thur feelin's play
Regardless o' the temp'rature, but I ain't built that way.

The winter hez its drawbacks; but fer a steady thing,
Fer comfort an' fer social joys, it lays 'way over spring.
Yew cain't git days tew short fer me, I don't care what folks say;
The legislater 's bound tew give us folks an eight-hour day.

So when the blackbirds fool aroun' I don't enthuse a bit,
An' brooks may gurgle down the med'rs as much as they think fit.
The fleecy clouds are purty, an' the grass may spring an' grow,
While I climb up the woodshed stairs an' git the same old hoe.

IN TOPSYTURVY LAND.

HOUSE—"This annual spring cleaning is an awful nuisance."

ONLY ONE.

"MRS. McBRIDE is the most singular woman I know," said McCrackle to McCorkle.

"What about Mrs. McBride?"

"She acknowledges that her husband's employers appreciate his services and pay him liberally."

Mother—"Why don't you play with the kitten any more?"

Ethel—"Oh, I'd rather play with baby—he can't scratch!"

THE AMERICAN WAY.

AT a recent dinner in London the conversation turned to the subject of lynchings in the United States. It was the general opinion that a rope was the chief end of man in America.

Finally the hostess turned to an American who had taken no part in the conversation and said:

"You, sir, must have often seen these affairs."

"Yes," he replied, "we take a kind of municipal pride in seeing which city can show the greatest number of lynchings yearly."

"Oh, do tell us about a lynching you have seen yourself," broke in half a dozen voices at once.

"The night before I sailed for England," said the American, "I was giving a dinner to a party of intimate friends when a colored waiter spilled a plate of soup over the gown of a lady at an adjoining table. The gown was utterly ruined and the gentlemen of her party at once seized the waiter, tied a rope around his neck, and at a signal from the injured lady, swung him into the air."

"Horrible," said the hostess with a shudder. "And did you actually see this yourself?"

"Well, no," said the American, apologetically. "Just at that time I was down stairs killing the chef for putting mustard in the blanc mange."

C. H.

A MAN WAS COMING.

MAMMA BUNNY—"Girls, do hurry up and dress—it wouldn't do to let visitors catch you this way."

STRANGE, WHAT MATRIMONY WILL DO.

Before marriage—A dude.

After marriage — Sub-dude.

SOMEBODY'S BABY.

He had a sort of roughness, salebrosity, rugosity,
Asperity, unkemptness, becrumpleness, nodosity,
That marked him as a tourist of the vagabond persuasion—
A mystery of mankind, unsolved, unknown equation.

His beard was scraggy, scabrous; was tufted and fimbriated;
His eyes were bleared and swollen, and in color were not mated.
His clothes were threadbare, ragged, and with dirt were much congested,
While the soil upon his countenance had long gone unmolested.

He called upon a matron who was tidy, systematic,
And he told a tale of sorrow in a manner quite dramatic.
He touched upon her duty to unfortunate humanity,
And asked her kind assistance, her pity and urbanity.

"Although," quoth he, "I always ask for alms with all humility,
It seems to be the custom to deny with uncivility.
I may not be a beauty, and I'm not attractive, maybe;
But I pledge my word of honor that I once was some one's baby."

The matron seized the mop-stick that beside the door was standing,
And her blows with force, vehemence, upon "baby" soon were landing.
And the hobo muttered softly, as he from the yard was creeping,
"If I'd stayed there any longer some one's baby would be sleeping."

—*Buffalo Evening News.*

CHAPPED SKIN
is a winter plague easily avoided by the use of
PACKER'S Tar Soap
—*Med. Standard*, Chicago.
Apply a generous lather and dry without rinsing.
The Packer Mfg. Co., New York.

She has a tooth for candy that is sure.
She shows it in a way that's quite demure.
It's her wisdom tooth you see,
That is asking you and me,
For another box of Whitman's good and pure.
Whitman's
Chocolates and Confections
are sold everywhere. Ask for them. Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and healthful. Made instantly with boiling milk.
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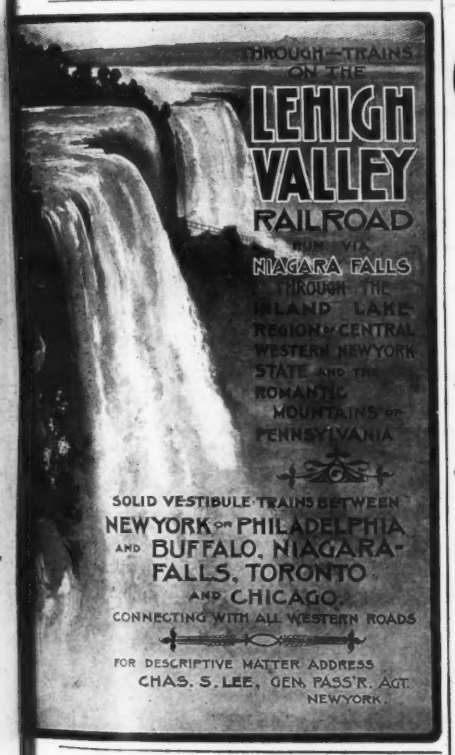

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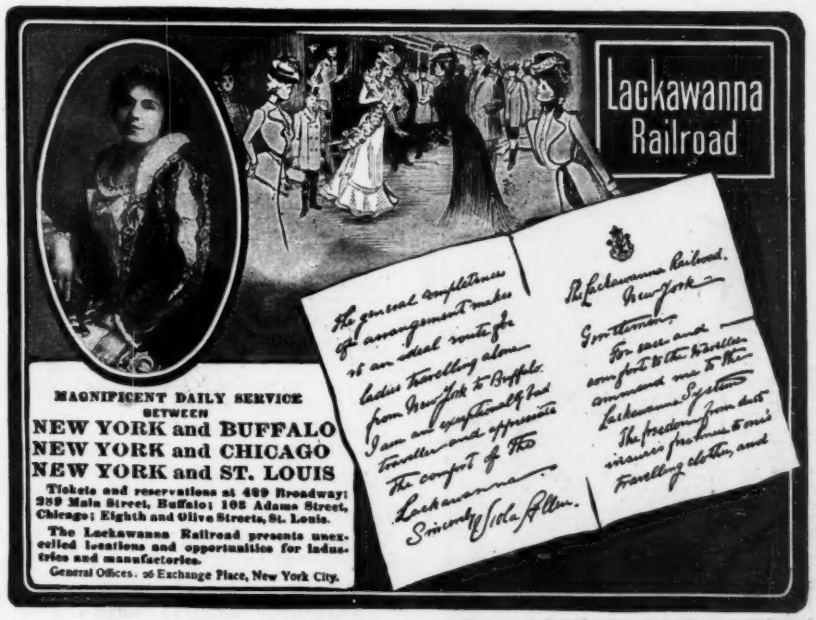

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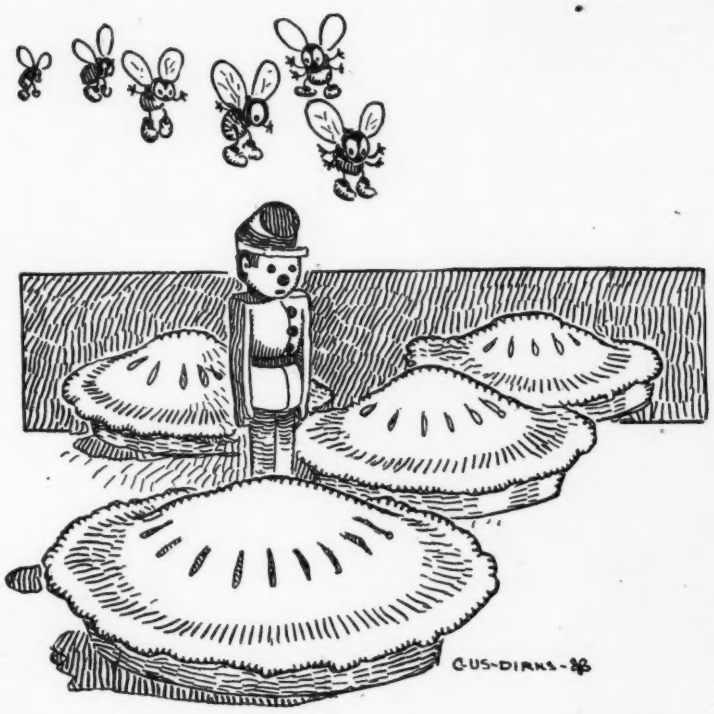

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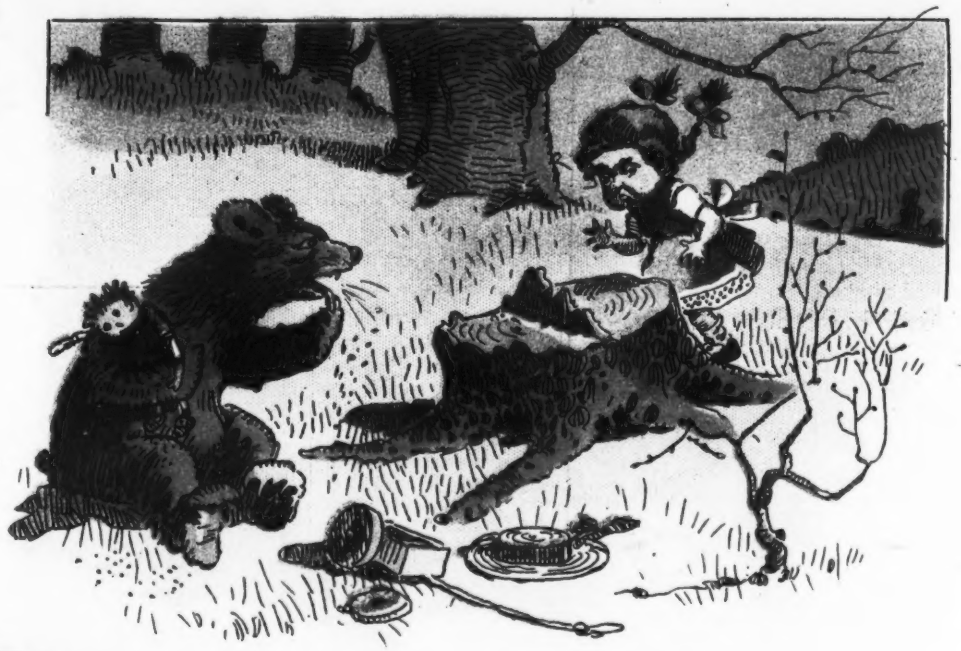
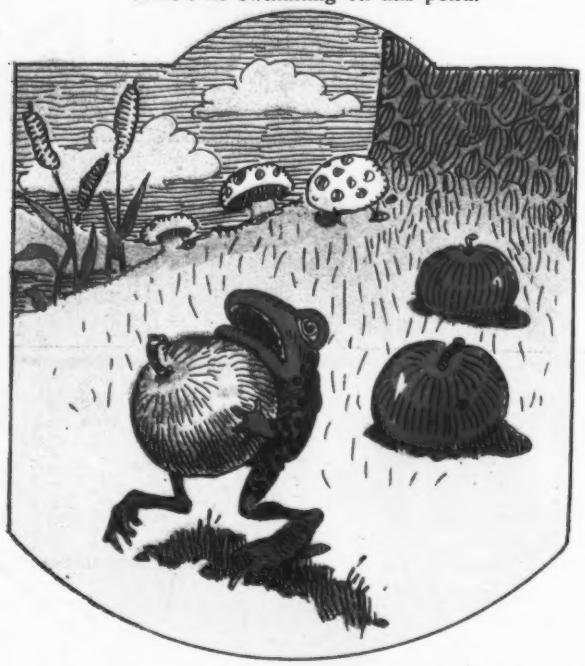


BEAR—"Heavens! I hope the other one isn't made of sawdust, too."



FROG THIEF—"Goodness me! I hear footsteps approaching—wish I had a pocket to put this in."

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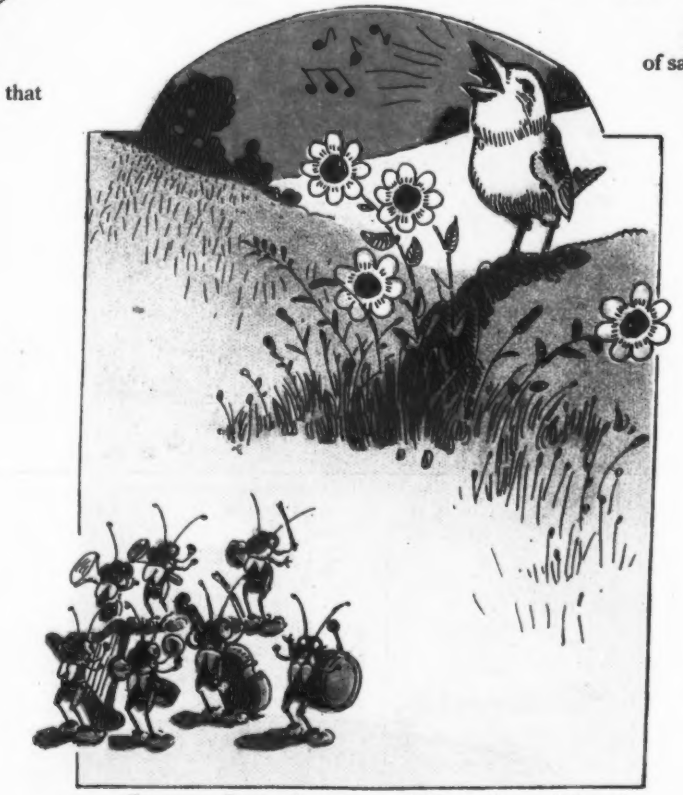

CRICKET BAND LEADER—"Darn those infernal spring birds. How do the people expect us to play when they keep shouting all the time?"

OVERHEARD IN BUGVILLE.

BUTTERFLY—"Say, Mister Frog, want to rent a neatly furnished cottage? I won't need mine any more."

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